

Four fugitives meeting



The Discourse amongst my Lord Finch,
Sir Francis Windeshank, Sir John Sucklin, and
Dudley Knowe, as they accidentally met
in France, with a detection of
their several pranks in
ENGLAND.



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Home lives meeting

OR

The Dispute among my Lord and

the Bishop of London, in the year 1534.

By Thomas More.

in three volumes.

LONDON.



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(1)
Foure Fugitives meeting, &c.



Suckling,

Immense Doctor *Ryan*, you are most happily
I encountred, they have wisht your Company
a long time in England, the poor Civilians look
like spirits now they are deprived of their body.

Ryan. Body Sir John, what doe you meane?

Suck. Why the Body of the civill Law, *Cor-
pus Juris Civilis*, for so they call you.

Ryan. And pardon of your Poetry, how fare
your hundred Horse i'th North, doe they stand
to their colours, now their Commander is fled?
I wonder much Sir John, that you being a noble
Gentleman, a Commander, and a Volunteere,
that would leave your poore souldiers without
pay, and come away without taking leave of
your Friends.

Suck. I heard that Sir John had made a new
play, and for feare lest it should be hist off the
stage, he tooke himselfe to travell.

Finch. And I have heard that by reason of his
absence, that play was not worth the studying,
there was no more to be seen in it that could not
well be understood, there were two Poets in it
that were found to bee the chiefe Politicians,
which the State perceiving, made diligent pur-

the one whereof had the hap-
pinesse to escape, the other was apprehended, and
then the Play ended, before the Poets execution
which was very much disliked.

Suck. How came you to the knowledge of
this, my good Lord Finch, you doe not flye o-
ver into England every night, and there load
your selfe with newes against the morning, doe
you? *Wind.* No Sir John, he needes not, we were
informed by ———

Suck. Spare your Wind, good M. Secretary
Windebank, I perceive you hold intelligence
with those Jesuits, you compounded withall at
so easie a rate.

Ross. Still you are beside the marke, we were
inform'd Sir John by one Kisser, one of your
Worships Cap and Feather men, who came o-
ver hither to know if your voyage into *Portugal*
held or no, he said that some two or three hun-
dred buffe-men did much admire, that now the
way is false, you will not be their guide, they
would faine have kist their discontented Colo-
nells hand before he mistooke *France* for *Portu-
gall*, but you were so unkind to leave them on a
sudden.

Sir. Hold there good Doctor *Ross* and take
me with you, you are to be blam'd too for not
bidding *Isiwell* to Sir *Paul Rinder*, (at whose
humorous house, you have desqured the estate

of many a man in London before you fled: but
 wonder more, why you came hither: Is unpro-
 vided; methinks some English dyet would have
 bin good for a weake stomack: the Church
 Wardens of Northamptonshire promised
 to give you a good fee, if you shal goe to them,
 and resolve what whether they may lawfully take
 the oath &c. or not. I have desired I and good
 friends. That may very well be, for they have
 given him a great Addition; they fill him. Of
 the great Commissary, they say he was as briske
 in discharging the new Canons, as he that made
 them: but I pray Sir John, salute the priest of
 your coming hither.

Sir, Then must I address my selfe to you:
 my good Lord Finch, I have some papers to de-
 liver you from the commons of England, who
 are sorry they are deprived your company, and
 promise if your Lordship will go into England
 and collect the ship money, they will with all
 willingness pay you.

Finch. With a Powder will they not Sir John,
 you have not forgot the skirmish at North-
 ampton, you call the poore Scots Pedlars, but
 they were angry, and made your fiery horse run
 away with you.

wind. I thinke, Sir John, your coat of Male
 would scarce have kept out the Pedlars bullets,
 as it did the Rapier, in Black-fryars, when you
 came from *Delaware*.

Sac. No more I believe would your high and mighty state have secured your neck, had you staid there.

Wind. I am of opinion, that my Lord of Canterbury would remit the greatest fine in the high Commission, on the condition hee were here, but I believe, if I had staid, all his Tobacco would not have cur'd the stopping in my throat, if it secure his owne, tis well.

Sac. For my part, I ever held my head to be my selfe, and honour to be but my neighbour, and the rules of nature command me to love my selfe better then my neighbour; I lov'd honour well, but not with such a zeale to venture my life for her when I my selfe could never enjoy her.

Roan. Well said of all fides, why should we that are all alike, fall out, come, lets to dinner, you shall fall to your dainty dainties, but give me a rib and a leg, Roast-beefe and Capon, the very meat I eat at the commons, and then after dinner wee'l play a game at Tickle or Irish, for halfe a pound of reasons.

Sac. Pox upon reasons, I cannot endure your mechanicke games, He play at Inne and Inne for a Piece the Caster, my old game.

Wind. No Sir John, you may excuse your friend, and use the art of stirring a dye to strangers, win their money and welcome.

Finch. I Sir John, 'tis charity to cheat the Monfieurs, you use your Quick-silverd dye, amongst them as securely as you could in England, and when you have got their money, wee'l spend it bravely.

Suc. Come my brave boyes, money weel never lack,
But drowne our sorrowes in a cup of Sack.

FINIS.

